Wichita Eagle

CURLING IRONS AT SEA.

Women Often Risk Life Rather Than Appear with Limp Locks.

It is customary to say that modern science has conquered all the dangers of the open sea except that of fog. The New York World declares that those who say so are mistaken. We build ships that can buffet any wave and outride the most furious gales. But every one of them carries in her saloon a source of danger more threatening than any that tempest brings or the forces of nature create. There is always the woman with a bang which persists in getting out of curl. That woman provides in advance for the emergency. She arms herself against the danger of appearing at dinner with unkempt forelock. She surreptitiously introduces a pair of curling irons and a spirit lamp into her cabin, and spite of placard warnings and peremptory prohibitions she lights the lamp every day before the altar of her devotion. She knows, of course, that every time she does it she imperils the lives of hundreds of human beings. But would you have a little matter like that interfere with the essential processes of the toilet? Is the woman with a bang to be expected to appear with limp locks at the captain's table merely that a lot of people who are nothing to her may feel safer against a roasting? The purser, when he finds her out, tells her that her act is criminal. But the purser is only a man, wholly incapable of feminine points of view. The captain may threaten her with irons if she repeats the offense, but how is the captain to know if she closes her cabin door? And so bangs are curled and lives risked and ships set on fire occasionally, as one ocean liner was recently on the voyage from Liverpool.

IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Changes Continually Going On in the Wonderful Natural Curiosities.

Visitors to the Yellowstone National park in the United States who return after an absence of a year or more are generally surprised by finding that many changes have occurred in the appearance of the colored terraces at the mammoth hot springs. Indeed, such alterations occur sometimes in a period of a few weeks. The terraces consist of a number of basins, each set being a few feet lower than its predecessor, and the hot water from the springs at the top of the terraces flows from basin to basin, depositing its chalky sediment at the rims, where evaporation is most rapid, and thus slowly building them up. Wherever the flow of water continues constant for a considerable time the fluted edges and side of the basin become beautifully colored. The variegated hues are mainly due to vegetable matter, and so if the flow of water ceases these bright colors rapidly fade, leaving the terraces milk white. In a little while the edges and walls of the dry basins begin to crumble, and the most beautiful forms disappear in white dust and chalk-like fragments.

One of the favorite terraces at the hot springs, called the Minerva terrace, exhibits these changes in a marked degree because of its conspicuous position. Sometimes, owing to a failure of the flow of water, the Minerva terrace parts with its splendid colors and resembles a set of fluted basins carved out of snow-white marble, but when the water begins to run freely again the colors return with all their former vividness and beauty. The changes in the flow of the water seem to depend, in part, at least, upon conditions prevailing in the heated rocks underlying the wonderful terraces.

REAL CHILDREN IN LITERATURE

They Are Crowded Out by the Eminently Proper Children of the Wiseacres.

The wise mentors in conventional literature virtually tell you that child-literature wants no real children in it; that the real child's example of defective grammar and lack of elegant deportment would furnish to its little patrician patrons suggestions very hurtful indeed to their higher morals, tendencies and ambitions, writes James Whitcomb Riley in the Forum. Then, although the general public couldn't for the life of it see why or how, and might even be reminded that it was just such a rowdying child itself, and that its father—the father of his country—was just such a child; that Abraham Lincoln was just such a lovable, lawless child; all—all this argument would not avail in the least, since the elegantly-minded purveyors of child literature cannot possibly tolerate the presence of any but the refined children—the very proper children—the studiously thoughtful, poetic children—and these must be kept safe from the contaminating touch of our rough-and-tumble little fellows in "hodden gray," with frowzly heads, begrimed but laughing faces, and such awful, awful vulgarities of naturalness, and crimes of simplicity, and brazen faith and trust, and love of life and everybody in it. All other real people are getting into literature; and without some real children along will they not soon be getting lonesome, too?

A QUESTION OF LAW.

"Is the owner of this dog liable for theft? or is the owner of this crab liable for assault and battery?"—Puck.

Cruel.

Ferguson (inspecting his friend's new suit)—Yes, it's immense, Hankinson. Would you mind telling me who your tailor is?

Hankinson—Certainly not. Snipwell, No. 694 Waxem street. If you want anything in his line tell him I sent you.

Ferguson—Thanks. I want something for a masquerade. I think I'll go and order—hum—one of his ordinary suits, Hankinson.—Chicago Tribune.

A PRESCRIPTION.

My pallid friend, is your pulse beating low?
Does the red wine of life too sluggishly flow?
Set it spinning through every tingling vein
By outdoor work, till you feel once again
Like giving a cheery school-boy shout;
Get out.

Are you morbid, and like the owl in the tree,
Do you gloomily hoot at what you can't see?
Perhaps, now, instead of being so wise,
You are only looking through jaundiced eyes;
Perhaps you are bilious, or getting too stout;
Get out!

Out in the air, where fresh breezes blow
Away all the cobwebs that sometimes grow
In the brains of those who turn from the light
To all gloomy thoughts instead of the bright,
Contend with such foes, and put them to rout;
Get out!

—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

MY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR.

How He Was Caught Making Moonshine Whisky.

Strabismus Dollarhide, M. D., was a Pine Hills physician. The balsam which resin is thought to give to the atmosphere was not a natural antidote for malaria, as the shriveled, hidebound look of a majority of the people of that region indicated. Even the hogs were generally thin and puny and the cattle were apparently lineal descendants of the stock whose blue meat furnished food for soldiers in the days of the southern confederacy. So, at a cross-roads, in a wild waste of pines, the doctor had erected a double log house, where he lived with his wife and one daughter. Here he had built up, as he expressed it, "a lucrative practice." Though numerous, his patients were all poor, and it seemed strange that he should thrive so well; yet he averred that he "never took truck for a bill—only cash—and I'm pretty well fixed, as you can see." He was well fixed. His house was neatly furnished—as are many such houses in these backwoods, rough without, and attractive within—and he had a farm of two hundred acres, planted in corn, which he said "never failed of a crop." His daughter was a pretty girl, well grown, with a natural grace and unaffected hospitality that was charming; her mother in feature and manner, so like her—she seemed not a day older—that no one would suspect the real relationship.

There was no reason why he should not be happy, he said, though settled down in the woods, away from so-called civilization. At any rate he was satisfied, while his wife and daughter were delighted with their hermit-like existence. The doctor was a venerable man. His beard and forehead were Tennysonian, and the intelligent stranger, coming upon him here, was half inclined to doubt the evidence of his own eyes. He was well educated, too, and "talked like a book," as the natives declared among themselves when recounting his accomplishments.

The doctor's home was situated between two railway lines, the distance between them being eighty miles. I was riding through the wilderness one afternoon in autumn; my horse—a flea-bitten, spavined, iron-gray relic, which I had purchased solely for the purpose of the journey—was ambling down a rocky steep to reach a brook that flowed at the foot. He stumbled, fell, rolled over. I remained on the ground, unable to move; he rolled on and only stopped when he reached the water, where he lay still. I attempted to rise.

"You can't do it," said a person whose voice bespoke that he was near me. "I saw you fall and know you got it in the hip. A fracture," he pronounced, after an examination. "Let me assist you into my buggy and take you to my house."

I thanked him. "My horse!" I suggested, pointing to the animal, prone on the ground.

"His neck's broken. It was the most beautiful fall I ever saw. If your injury is as interesting, I will have a readable story for my next letter to the medical journal."

"You are a physician, then?"

"Yes. It's not much loss," he remarked, as I gave a sympathetic look, despite my own almost mortal pain, at the old gray's body. "He's served man many years and is now gone to serve the buzzards. I'll send one of my hands down to skin him, though he's hardly worth it."

I was put to bed. The case proved an interesting one, and the doctor cared for me with a skillful hand, the wife doing me a mother's part and the daughter lessening pain by her cheerful presence and entertaining conversation.

Days waned; frost glistened in the moonlight, then glittered in the morning sun and melted into the purple haze which wrapped the pines in its embrace and scattered its filmy threads among the red and golden glory of oak and hickory leaves. Days, succeeding themselves, became weeks; the weeks grew into a month.

One evening, when I was able to sit up and hobble about, I occupied a chair beside an open window. A fire was burning. Opposite me sat the daughter reading. I felt that it would be no great punishment were I doomed to sit there forever looking at her. Her face was oval, brown, but of marble smoothness; hair and eyes black. This photograph is conventional but true. I was not in love with her and can hence add that she was beautiful.

"Are you not afraid you will catch cold with that window up?" she spoke, closing her book and laying it on her lap.

"No," I answered. "The air is pleasant; besides I love the landscape, and imagine I cannot see it to good advantage with the sash down." She knew that I had been gazing at her face instead of the landscape, but said nothing.

"Are you named for Shakespeare's Rosalind?" I asked, that being her name.

"Yes. Father knows this book," tapping the volume with her finger, "by heart, and in a dreamy moment named me for that splendid woman. But she had too much spirit for me."

"I don't know about that," I responded, in a tone to indicate my doubt of her estimate of herself.

"Do you really think so?" catching my meaning and folding her hands behind her head.

At this moment the father came in, and the girl, placing the book on a shelf, went out. He was accompanied by a tall, large man, with smooth face and short, curly hair. I was introduced and the two sat down.

"Yes, doctor," said the man: "I've located the plant. It's been the hardest job I ever undertook."

"It's an abominable traffic," spoke the doctor, half musing, stroking his beard and looking thoughtfully at the fire. "I wish it could be wiped out. I am speaking now of the whisky trade under the law. When it gets outside the law it is no more immoral, but often leads—forces men to grave crimes. Yes, I'm glad you worked alone, old fellow," looking gratefully at his new guest. "For, though you've known me long, it would have looked like putting too much on me to assist you in bringing perhaps some of my best patients to the penitentiary."

"That's just it, doctor:"

"So the still is over beyond the hill there?" the doctor said, pointing in a direction where I had often seen a faint line of smoke rising in the far distance.

"Yes, sir."

"And you'll drop down on it to-morrow evening?"

"That's what."

The night was starlight. Somehow, although physically at ease and not mentally perturbed, I could not sleep. The heap of coals in the fireplace—my bed was in the sitting-room—had passed from glowing white to bright red, from bright red to dull bronze, from dull bronze to a small eye twinkling through the gloom. This finally closed, leaving me alone with the darkness. The window-curtain was drawn aside. How long I remained in this state I do not know, but I have a memory of dozing, then suddenly waking and staring at the window. The shadow of a man passed by. Another appeared, seemed to peer in and went on. "I am dreaming," said I, and turning over went to sleep.

When I awoke the sun was shining. The deputy marshal stood at the fireplace, his back to a roaring fire, his hands clasped behind him. He looked at me with a serious smile.

"I overslept myself," said I, getting out of bed and into my clothes with his assistance.

"Yes," he answered, "you are a sound sleeper, too, for there was considerable noise here last night."

I looked inquiringly, but only asked: "Where is the doctor?"

"Oh, he's all right. We've got him safe enough."

"Got him?"

"That's what. Fooled him completely. Made him think I knew nothin' of his connection with the business and that I would raid the still to-day. Fell into the trap like a sucker—which, generally speakin', he isn't—thinkin' he'd have time to warn his gang this forenoon."

"You don't mean to say—"

"That he's an illicit distiller? Yes, I do. And that gal is into it, too. She attended to seein' the stuff in town. I've got 'em all spotted there, too. She's as plucky as can be. Would have got one of my men with her revolver if we'd been a moment later. It seemed mean, too, not to say ungentlemanly, to take a young lady from her bed as we did. But I knew she'd shoot and we couldn't afford to take any chances for the sake of social forms. Yes, they're all safe in there," pointing to a room across the passage.

"That man a moonshiner?" I gasped.

"Yes, and the gal, too. Why not? This is not only a queer world, but this revenue business develops some queer types of human character. He's one of 'em. He thinks it a crime for the government to impose a tax on the manufacture of liquor, though he despises the trafficas much as any man and would banish alcohol from the world if he could. Were its making free, he would never think of having anything to do with it. Will you go in and see them?"

I did not have the heart to do so. "I don't blame you," he said, when I refused. "I am sorry for you, too, for he was mighty kind to you. He's well fixed, though, and can pay himself through, as far as money goes. But I'm afraid he's booked through to the pen—and the gal, too."

The marshal was right. The girl was pardoned, but her father refused to put himself in a supplicating attitude. He said that while he knew he had offended God in doing what he did, he was equally certain that he owed the government no apology.—Charles D. Blackburn, in Banner of Gold.

A Queer Custom.

A medieval custom prevails in Freiberg, in Breisgau. This is observed on the birthday of the reigning grand duke of Baden, and consists of a foolhardy trip to the topmost part of the tower of the minster. It is a dangerous enterprise, for the tower is four hundred feet high, and the ascent is made from the exterior of the building. The steeple-jacks in their ascent have to leap from stone to stone, often a yard apart, and one false step on the narrow ledges would be death. At the topmost pinnacle pistol shots announce that the climbers have succeeded. Then an immense gold star revolves, and the descent is begun. Each man receives as a reward the sum of five marks from the state and a sumptuous dinner. The other day, on the occasion of the sixty-sixth birthday of the grand duke of Baden, three men undertook the ascent. One of them, on arriving at a projecting bar of iron, half-way up, went through an acrobatic performance. This was before an immense crowd of astonished spectators. He twisted and twirled about as if he were but within a few feet of the earth.—London News.

—Fair Soprano (having finished her trial)—"Do you think my voice will fill the hall?" Grim Manager—"I fear it would have just the opposite effect."

A Nice, Broad Evening.

She—Did you have a pleasant evening at the Tollivers?

He—Yes. As soon as I put my right arm around Daisy's waist she put both hers around mine. Then she screamed. I let go, but she hung on. Her father came in and read the statutes referring to breach of promise—and—yes, I had a very nice time.—N. Y. Herald.

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

JAPANESE PUG DOGS.

A Famous Family Now Dwelling in San Francisco.

Defying All Precedent by Living—The Pretty Pets of Mrs. Kennison and the Misses Stone Described in a Few Words.

Japanese pugs rarely thrive in this country. The few born on American shores generally die very soon afterward. There is one family of this breed of dogs, however, in this city evidently destined to defy all precedents, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The great-grandparents of this family were Romeo and Juliet, brought from Japan a few years ago. Romeo is still living, and is about ten years old. He is the property of Mrs. J. Gollin, of Taylor street, near Bush.

Japan, the son of Romeo and Juliet, belongs to Judge Gunnison, of 1404 Van Ness avenue. Judge Gunnison a year since brought from Japan another pug, Yum Yum. Kekko, Nikko, Tama, Chinii and Yum Yum II. were the family of Japan and Yum Yum I. Of these all died except Tama, thus it would seem sustaining the theory that Japanese pugs cannot live in this country.

With Tama's little doggies came a change. Out of five four lived, and these are over a year old. Tama and her babies passed into the hands of Misses Laura and Belle Stone, of 807 Leavenworth street. Tama's little ones were named on October 17, 1891. Miss Laura Stone, who is a well-known artist, held a regular christening party in her studio. Amid a company of assembled friends the five baby pugs were grouped upon a white fur rug. A young gentleman performed the ceremony of tying a name card around each neck with baby blue baby ribbon. As he did so Miss Belle Stone sprinkled each with cologne, emptying over all the contents of a whole bottle. The names given were Torii, a bird; Kekko, wonderfully beautiful; Kin, gold; Hanna, a flower, and Amida, an endearing name of Buddha. The last perished, not of the grandeur of his name, but of congestion of the lungs, to which Japanese pugs are peculiarly liable. It was this fell disease which carried off his interesting relations.

At present the Misses Stone have charge of Tama, or Sweetheart, and her daughters, Kin and Hanna. Mrs. Kennison, the sister of Judge Gunnison, has Tama's sons, Kekko and Torii, also Japan, the grandfather dog, still living. Every morning and evening Mrs. Kennison and one or the other of the Misses Stone meet each other and take out the whole crowd of dogs for an airing. There are six in all. Strange to relate, the old and the young and the males and the females all look about the same size and all very much alike. It is difficult to realize that they represent three generations. The little dogs seem like animated toys, with their long, silky hair in patches of black and white, their big eyes and peculiar turned-up noses.

A FAMOUS FAMILY.

With the pug family Miss Laura or Miss Belle Stone takes out Fannie, a little thoroughbred black and tan. She was a great pet of the young ladies' mother before the advent of the Japanese dogs. Little Fannie has never been allowed to feel that her nose is out of joint.

Japanese pugs are as delicate as babies. These dogs in particular have had more care and attention than often fall to the lot of many a poor child. They are combed and brushed twice a day and have clean ribbons tied to their collars every morning. They are fed on boiled meat and vegetables chopped up as if for hash, graham bread and fresh fruits, with the seeds and skins removed. They are never allowed cake or sweets. They have a pan of fresh water, changed twice every day. Once a week the pugs are dosed with powdered charcoal. Occasionally a little sulphur is mixed with their food. Their greatest danger is from overfeeding, and this is carefully avoided. The little dogs sleep on clean blankets in one of the family bedrooms. These blankets are changed every day. A dog doctor is constantly employed to look after the canine welfare.

When the dogs are taken out for their airings they are held by strings attached to their collars, which last are all ornamental, some plated with silver and adorned with bells. As might be expected, the little animals attract a great deal of attention. Already they are so famous that people come from far and near, begging for the privilege of seeing them. Fabulous sums have been offered for them, but their owners say: "We will never, never part with our dear babies."

"You wouldn't believe how we love them!" exclaims Mrs. Stone, the mother of the two young ladies. "We can't help growing attached to them. They are so affectionate that we feel fully repaid for our care. And they are the best little watch dogs you ever saw. You should hear them bark. Nobody could get into the house without our knowing it. They're the sweetest little darlings in the world!"

Such, in brief, is the story of the family of Japanese pugs which seems destined to defy all precedent.

"Out of the Frying Pan," Etc.

A census gatherer was engaged in collecting his papers from the various houses in rather a low district in one of the principal towns in Scotland. On receiving the document from a knowing-looking woman, he was much amused to find under the heading "Condition as to Marriage" the words written: "Hard up afore marriage, worse afterward."—Dundee News.

LURED BY A MIRAGE.

A Child Wandered Away Over the Wild, Hot Plains.

At Lancaster, a town thirty miles from here, in an open valley at the edge of Colorado desert, lived Stephen Hansdorf, with his wife and twenty-months'-old boy, says the Los Angeles Herald. The other day he left home for another part of the place where he was working.

Late in the afternoon the mother went in search of a stray cow. The baby, clad only in a calico wrapper, hatless and barefooted, without the mother's knowledge, started after her. When she returned and missed him she alarmed the neighborhood. A searching party hunted until night without avail. Excitement spread through the whole town, and by daylight next morning a strong party of organized searchers renewed the quest. There was no timber in the region, but the cactus and sage brush were so high as to render it impossible to see the child at a short distance, even from the back of a horse.

The region is one of intense heat, and infested with rattlesnakes, coyotes and many poisonous insects. The earth in many places is crusted with alkali. For a long time the party discovered no signs whatever. Finally a coyote trail was struck. On it could occasionally be seen the footprints of a child, with now and then splotches of blood on the cactus. Arranging themselves so they should not lose sight of each other, the searchers followed the trail, spreading themselves over a width of half a mile. The trail led direct to the desert, and to a phenomenon known as "Dry Lake." This lake is nothing more than a solid bed of white alkali, the crust of which is perfectly hard and level. Standing on rolling sand on the edge of this lake a traveler beholds a wonderful mirage of a sheet of silvery clear water.

The party concluded that the child, consumed by thirst, had toddled over to this lake, and, though the indurate crust would reveal no footprints, the party pressed on over it. Four miles from the edge was found the dead body of the little wanderer, lying on his face, his feet, legs and hands torn, and the blood crusted over them. He had been dead but a few hours, yet his body was blistering under the burning sun. The party seized the child and hurried back to the edge of the lake, before reaching which their own tongues had commenced to swell with heat and lack of water. The little fellow had walked all night and had died of exhaustion just as the sun was commencing to manifest its fearful heat. He had walked fourteen miles into one of the most terrible regions on earth.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

An Illustration of Its Use During the Cholera Excitement.

During the recent popular excitement and riotous demonstrations in Russia growing out of the outbreak of cholera, a priest at Saratoff was attacked by a mob, says the Manchester Times. A man had shouted upon seeing him: "There's the man that seized me and buried me alive. I've only this instant escaped from the grave that he put me in." The excited people, thoroughly convinced that there was a murderous conspiracy against them, rushed upon the priest with cries which showed their determination to put him to death. The priest folded his arms and smiled. "You have just come out of the grave, you say?" he called to the man. "Aye, that I have." "Then how," asked the priest, "does it happen that you've had time to get drunk already?" As it was found that the man's breath smelled of liquor the laugh turned upon him and the crowd left the priest unmolested.

The same popular excitement in Russia has been the occasion of an example of what may be called poetic and picturesque retribution which would be possible only in a despotic country. At Nijni Novgorod, where the authorities and physicians were making a strenuous attempt to stifle the cholera, a merchant led a violent agitation which was directed against the doctors. He circulated reports that the physicians were burying patients alive, and endeavored to influence the people against them.

The governor general of the province caused the merchant to be arrested, and after examination was convinced that the charge against him was true. "I am going to give you a government appointment," said the governor, "as a reward for what you regard as your exercise of public spirit." "A government appointment," said the man, delighted. "Yes; I appoint you a nurse on the floating cholera hospital in the river. There you will have an opportunity to see whether there is cholera or not, and also to observe whether any persons are being buried alive." The man was sent, therefore, to take care of cholera patients. It is unnecessary to say that he was not highly pleased with his "appointment."

He Yearned for the Unattainable.

Sarah Bernhardt loves to tell the following story about Ollivier, a famous French actor. The latter, it seems, possessed incredible power of mimicry. He could assume the voice, gestures and facial expression of any person he chanced to meet. One day he called on his tailor to ask him for a little more time on an account which had been running on for three years. At that moment he saw a customer enter the shop and pay for several articles of clothing, which were immediately delivered. Then the actor heaved a deep sigh of pain.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired the tailor.

"Alas!" replied Ollivier, "there is a man I shall never be able to imitate!"—Music and Drama.